

Fratera

by magidont

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Summary: *AU* Lucas and Claus' family are a heavily devoted and strict Catholic family. However, Claus refuses to believe in words written in an ancient book from thousands of years ago, all their rules, expectations are all ridiculous to him but when he discovers his lack of faith isn't only within himself, a game begins in which he must remove his competition - The one he loves most

1. Introduction

A lone, soul bared boy stands alone, dark shadowing weather with thundering beams of light and wet sadness pouring from angered clouds heavily yet gently pours in the soulless yard of withered corpses and a metaphorically withered boy.

His soul lost.

His heart heavy.

as heavy as the baring guilt he held in like an uncomfortable and predictable weight on his shoulders.

He stood broken, as if his body had malfunctioned to stand perfectly still, no movement in his body and his mind, his behaviour was robotic, looking at him would make that feature come to mind immediately.

>Cold, stone like rain soaked his entire body; his soft perked hair, now-rough small face and boney yet bared shoulder and upper chest were mostly seeped with the wet substance of the weather that matched his mood and mentality.<p>

"I'm so so sorry, my dear brother."

His voice spoke with the most dense tone, yet if you could hear it you could still find the emotion that attached to his loss of one of his biggest loves.

>He dropped his head, heavy like his heart and stared down at his shoes.
His once shiny and clean tennis shoes that had an unspoiled bare looking glare to it were now spoiled with thin and thick rubbing mud and weathered sludge with many flakes of dead grass and parts of fallen leaves attached to mostly the plastic of his footwear, the scented rain and muck only acted as glue to destroying his once perfect shoes.

>He gently twitched his foot, a glooping and squelching sound emitted from the liquid mud and only dirtied his shoes more.<p>

"It was for the best." His voice was coarse, not a whisper but like his throat had been damaged from the emotion and devastation he felt

He quickly hunched his aching shoulders and let them drop, like a ball from a bench, his hands swinging swiftly by his now-weakened hips and thighs.

>He was unable to know what to do with himself, he felt absolutely nothing yet simultaneously felt everything â€“ every emotion he had ever experienced all in a flash in his chest.
A constant rush of grief and anxiety ran through his chest, adrenaline not soothing not even after a minute, it continued to stimulate him and what would come next of him.

He slowly brought his damped head back up, his thick hair now flopping from the weight of wetness now contained in his locks.

>His bangs now covering parts of his eyes but he was still able to see the site in front of him:<p>

Old, broken stone covered in growing moss, even for a newly set grave it looked useless and ready to be forgotten with the rest of the memorial stones here.

>Darkness surrounding him but the white gleams of dropping water still showing through the late night.
Disgusting, green and brown ground all under his feet spread through the yard, the bodies inhabiting the ground would now expect moisture to their dry, antique bones that it had missed for many, many years.

Slowly and creakily, he moved his next to his right side, the view of the place he now, ironically, called 'Hell' was near him, its rusting and sharp gates slightly ajar were stuck and bolted into a poorly built brick wall at an uneasy angle.

>The historic walls of the mighty and important building stood quite scarily in the night, looking like a home of haunting when in dark, its complete opposite in day.
Glass windows still showed in colour even in the darkest of skies, its tone lessened yet still as powerful like the sun was shining through and showing all its beautiful colours.

>By his feet, at the grave next to him, he noticed to appropriately placed sticks, short twigs fallen from a common tree that were all planted around the yard and building were laying conveniently at the bed of the grave one a foot away from him.<p>

Haltingly bending over to pick them up, they were surprisingly clean from the amount of dirt that was smudged in ever area of the ground and even graves.

>Looking at them for a short while, he knew what he was using them for, looking back at his brother's grave, he pulled loose strings of moss growing from the side of the hedge of stone.
Using the moss

as a replacement of string, he began to tightly and comfortably tie the two twigs together "horizontally and vertically.

>It took the shape of a Christian cross, amateur at most but still was a clear sign of the strong and well known faith.
Getting to one knee, he stared darkly at the ground, grabbing the now-formed cross in both his hands and forcefully stabbing it down in the mushy grass.

He took a long and deep sigh and stood back up to his usual position once more, his left knee now wet with liquid earth and slowly dripping down his leg, he spoke quietly once more.

"Just in case, for your safety."

He felt his chest grow light again, the rush of related-panic flowing through his veins again.

"I know it's not like the one at home but it'll do."

His arms grew limp again, now all he needed to do was wait.

To wait.

To wait for what was coming next, it would feel like centuries but as soon as it was going to happen then it was going to happen.

Taking a step away, he ungracefully walked out the grave yard, limping with his bruised and weak limbs, he left the building of which he called 'Hell' and left some place he could soon called his Heaven.

>The shade of night and the melancholy of weather soon swallowed him up, the wet earth holding onto his tracks like memory foam material.
The dent patters in the souls of his shoes being imprinted in the yard's mud.

No one else spoke a word.

Nothing else spoke a word.

What would come next, he only knew.

* * *

><p>Oh, isn't this exciting! I had this amazing idea for an AU and fanfiction and I just couldn't help myself, I HAD to write it before I forgot it.
I'm doing so many things at once that I'll give myself a heart attack!**

**I'll explain this AU, basically it's a Christian-Demon AU but really really messed up!

>I however, am not going to spoil anything (obviously lol)

**I must warn you though this fanfiction is going to be extremely graphic and triggering to some people so I do need to give you a warning.

>**Next chapter I will contain all the warnings and details that this fic will contain, it'll hint at spoilers but I'd rather people be warned than someone reading it and all hell breaking loose.**

**This is going to be my first extremely angsty, horrible fic. I've been meaning to write something like this for a long time and I'm so glad I got an idea.

>**Even after the warnings, you still proceed to read then you do so at your own risk, I will not be at blame if you agree to read and then you're upset by something.**

**That's all I have to say for now, enjoy!

>Elly ~

2. Punishment - Chapter One

Okay, the first chapter to this fic (the fay after too omg) you can tell im really excited about this fic and AU, it's just so nasty haha!

>anyway here are the warnings I promised last fic<p>

Warnings for entire fic: Religious Stereotyping, Sacrilegious material, Self harm, Gore, Murder/Death, Sexual Abuse, Sexual Harassment, Child Abuse, Incestuous Relations and Discriminatory Language

I think that's all of them, if it's not I'll just add to it later (Some will be hinted, some will be full on but these are the warnings)

Warnings for this chapter: Religious stereotyping and Slight Child Abuse

Okay, now you'd read all the warning.

>Enjoy!<p>

* * *

><p>Fidelis Gemina_

Harsh bubbling erupted my mouth, water sucked into my throat, tight, choking me and seeping into

lungs and slowly starting to drown me.

Suddenly, the collar of my polyester shirt was tugged back violent, the water that sucked in my hair was now splashing out into the freezing pool I was standing in, I proceeded to cough out all the water that was strangling, letting the sweet and satisfying feel of air re-enter my lungs again.

Shouting came from behind, vicious and violent shouting, the anger burst into my ears and water was still clogged in my ears, slowly trickling out so my hearing was no longer muffled.

I hacked and cough more, keeping my eyes tightly shut and gritting my teeth, baring them.

>I felt another hard tug on my collar, now swinging me and causing my throat to catch making me gag from sudden air loss.<p>

"Repent for your actions!"

The familiar yet angry voice continued to shout at me, the echo filling the sanctuary of the church I was currently inside, the sound spreading round and bouncing off the walls to continue it's longed echo.

I gasped, unable to speak, trying to get my ability to breath back.

>Firm hands gripped to my arms, I starting to get violently shook, my wet and flopping hair flying back on my head and out of my eyes like a mop.<p>

"Repent for your sins!" His scolding shouting continued, now repeat what he said before but using a much harsher and upsetting word.

Sin.

That was the last thing I wanted to associate myself with, I tried my best, through out my life to be pure and good.

>Not only for my family or friends but for God, I devoted all my love to him and made sure he came before anybody else in my life, even my family.
Sin was the last thing I wanted to do, I always tried to do good whenever possible but my Priest decided if my actions were just or not.

"I'm sorry!" I screamed, my eyes still clenched shut, shouting out my apology to my Priest but also my Lord.

>I began to pant heavily, feeling like I was about to start crying but did my best to keep myself together and stay strong.
God doesn't raise weep, feeble people.

"Let the Lord know what you did wrong!" Shouting, more shouting, anger still filled in his loud and aggressive voice, I was afraid he was going to grab onto my hair and shove me back into the water

"I... I just-!" I began before I was interrupted by my Priest again

"Tell him!" His yelling was like a drill sergeant, piercing my ears and my psyche

"I fed communion bread to a stray cat!" I shouted as loud as I could, hoping he could hear me

I could feel it, I could feel the guilt and dread.

>God and Jesus were shaking their head at me, sighing at my piteous actions and writing down my sins.
It hung on me, I felt broken like I wasn't holy enough and I wasn't even being a Catholic.

"and why is that wrong!" My peer kept asking and getting more out of me

>This was like confession but ten times more violent and upsetting<p>

"because stray cats are disguised demons and feeding them holy bread is giving them strength!"

That was the ideology that was knocked into my head anyway, my Priest always told me rules of what and what not to do.

>What was sinful and wrong.
What I should to devote my love for the Lord.

>He taught us a lot in Sunday school and he even taught us these rules in my school.<p>

The reason stray cats were disguised demons is because humans rejected them in the first place, if there was nothing wrong with them then they wouldn't have been left to survive for themselves.

>They scavenge, wander streets and creeping along, attacking strangers that try to touch them and sit by just watching.
It made sense why we were taught this and it was my duty as a devoted Catholic and listener of God's message to believe it and abide by it, no rule to me was "stupid" or "didn't make sense".

>I listened to it and I remembered it, knowing that if I abided by the rules then I wouldn't be of sin.<p>

I was quickly turned around, my Priests face in mine, his bold green eyes piercing into my own.

>His face was rough, he looked tired and his skin looked like sandpaper.
The stubble around the bottom of his face looked thick but not too long, it was a piercing white with greying lowlights and the bags under his eyes hung a weight.

>He wasn't young but he also wasn't too old, he was in his late 40's at most but his lack of sleep and drive for motivation for God made him appear older.
His glasses were sturdy on his face, rectangle shaped and balanced carefully on his nose.

"Lucas! You can't go around doing this!" His grip on my arms lessened as his built up stress was let out on me

"I know, I-" again, I was interrupted

"He will punish you greatly, helping the Devil will only allow you to be with him after you pass!" great concern was in his voice and eyes, his words filled me with fear, my biggest fear was going to hell and having to face the devil himself, punishing me and making me do all the painful things he did to people that was spoken of.

"It looked sickly, I didn't want it to die, killing animals is also a sin so I didn't know what to do!" I tried explaining, my heart raising and hot tears filling my eyes.

>Water dripping down my hair and onto my face, the droplets looking identical to my falling tears.<p>

"I know but not one of the devil's minions, you can't save them!" He cupped my face in his hand, they were worm, rough like his face but comforting after my horrific experience of holy washing.

"Oh, Lucas." He sighed, kissing my left cheek, I assumed it was reference to Judas betraying Jesus before he was crucified.

>Moving his head up, he then kissed my forehead, where my christening mark was, adding pure and holiness into my soul again.<p>

"I love you, my child, God would not want you in Hell, he would want you in paradise." I gulped as he pulled my into a hug, getting his own uniform wet from the holy water I was bathed in.

I slowly put my arms around him too, feeling his loving embrace, he was like a close father figure to me, next after my own father.

>I had spent nearly all my time with him so to be affectionate with him was no shocking matter, he was a best friend, an uncle, a father.
All these figures that meant a lot to me.

"I love you too, Father." I replied, sniffing into his shoulder and letting my tears all onto his back

His name was Father Benedict, at least that's what I heard him called my entire life anyway.

>Church goers, myself, my brother, my parents, my friends, everyone.
Even none religious people called him Father Benedict, he had made quite the name for himself since our church was the most well known and popular Catholic church in my city area, I hear even people outside of it knew my church's name.

St. Collin's Catholic church (and school).

The school I attended shared the name with the church since they were connected, although the buildings were apart, the nuns that taught us were a part of our own church, even Father Benedict was a teacher there.

He let go of me, looking me in the eyes again and standing up.

"Go on, go and confess and pray, let the Lord know you are sorry." he gave a stern huff and pointed at the sanctuary door for me to leave

I stood out of the holy water bath and shook myself off, not even bothering to dry myself off, besides holy water is good for the being.

>It protects them and keeps them safe from evil, any spirit that wanted me now would stay far, far away yet I still felt uncomfortable being wet and sticking to my clothes, trudging my flooded shoes across the vintage carpet and out the sanctuary.<p>

I made my way to the chapel and slowly and quietly opened the historic, heavy wooden door that was the entrance to the chapel and praying area.

>I swallowed and opened it, hoping it didn't creak as it opened, I didn't want to disturb anybody but when I peered inside there was nobody there.
It was after ceremony and school hours but I was surprised to see nobody inside, this was a positive though since I wouldn't feel humiliated by church goers or my classmates seeing my dripping wet and sitting down, confessing why I was made to take a holy water bath or rinse as we called it.

I lightly walked towards the front and sat down, both my legs pressed together and my hands clamped, the knuckles of my clenching fists pressed against the bridge of my nose.

>Clenching my eyes, I prayed, I prayed harder than I had before, confessing what I had done was wrong and I was sorry.
I apologised profusely and promised I would never break one of God's and my Priest's ruled ever again, I held onto hope that I was still allowed to enter heaven.

>I really really hope so...<p>

Suddenly, the door to the chapel swung open, it didn't bang on the stone walls but it was loud enough to make me jerk in fear and sit perfectly still, praying as hard as I could.

>I hoped Father Benedict wasn't going to punish me further.<p>

"Lucas, there you are." I heard a familiar voice echo through the large praying hall, I swung round in my seat and smile gratefully

It was my twin brother, Claus however he is the older one out of us two, being born two minutes before me, he sure as hell got the great side of the deal when being a twin.

"Claus!" I called out, grinned at him, my hands placed on the back of the pew seat I was sitting in

"I've been looking for you all over." He crossed his arms, his usual smug look on his face.

I noticed his school uniform was dishevelled and unkempt as usual, I mentally sighed, he never made himself look smart for school at all, his shirt was untucked, his tie loose, his shoe laces not even tied and the wrong shoes might I add at that.

>He was of the only student I genuinely knew who did that, maybe a few of his friends did too but they were forever getting scolded by the nuns to tidy themselves up.
It was clear he was trying to be rebellious, it's something he has done all his life, he likes to see himself as the pure and holy Christian who can also get into some trouble.

>Me on the other hand, I wouldn't dare.<p>

"You have?" I replied in confusion, weird, my family knew I always came to the church after school

"Yeah, dude, Mom has been wondering where you are." He snorted, a cheeky grin on his face

I looked down at my wrist, looking for the time that was attached to my wrist.

>It was 5:32pm.
I've over welcomed my stay, it seems.

>I usually come to church after school, stay until 4:30pm and then go home to do home work or study a little bit before relaxing and then eating dinner with the family, I am definitely out of schedule right now.<p>

"Yikes, it's late." I lightly gasped in surprise

"Yeah, man." he laughed, shaking his shoulders

I stood up, walking to the aisle to meet Claus at the end of the Chapel hallway

"Wait why are you dripping wet? What the hell?" His face twisted with shock, his arms became uncrossed and he stood in surprise

"Claus..." I glared at him, scolding him for his bad language

"Ugh... Why are you dripping wet, what the 'heck'" He groaned, repeating himself, lazily apologising for his words of vain.

Claus was never as faithful to me, not even close.

>He would use the Lord's name in vain, he used foul language

religiously and non-religiously, he would get into trouble at school, especially with the nuns and even had Father Benedict scold him for sleeping in church.
He also complained about how stupid some of our Priest's rules were, he believed he made them up because he sees himself as a God figure, which I told him that's basically what his status is, a messenger for God but he rolled his eyes and groaned more.

>I'm unsure if Claus is religious or not, either he is and he thinks our family's basis is too extreme or he doesn't at all, either way they both make me very upset.
Our family has a close and loving bond with God and if he's going against that then he's making God turn away from our family, I'm trying to change his ways.

"Damn, you smell like old, what happened?"

"I uh..." I began, panicking about what to say, I didn't want Claus knowing I was getting into big trouble with the Priest because I knew Mom and Dad would lose their temper for sure.

"Were you given a-?" He began before I cut him off and shrieked

"No! I wasn't! I was just- I was in the sanctuary and I tripped and fell into the bath, that's all! Don't tell Mom and Dad!" I lost my cool, completely freaking out about getting in to trouble.

First, God and the Priest, I wouldn't want my parents knowing so I could get scolded even more.

"Don't worry, I'm not gonna tell them, not even like I care that you got a holy water rinse. I wouldn't even believe you! You're the last person I expect to get that, I haven't even had one and that's saying something!" He began to laugh, it was loud enough to echo around the hall

I stood awkwardly, not even Claus had a holy water rinse before and I'm sure he's done way worse than me, then again though he's a pretty cunning liar so I'm sure he's gotten out a lot of trouble.

>If he were honest like me he would have had twenty holy water rinses by now.<p>

"Thanks." I sighed in relief, I met up with him and we both walked out the Chapel.

We both saw Father Benedict on our way out, I slightly gulped as he made eye contact with me.

"Hello there, Claus." he greeted my brother cheerfully, completely different from how he was talking before

"Hi, Father." He smiled, raising his hand but not shaking it in a wave, his hands were in his trouser pockets as we walked past, while mine were limping at my side.

>I shivered, the coldness of the water getting to me as the cold church breeze was hitting every wet part of me.<p>

"Ahem, Claus?" The Priest cleared his throat, my brother turned around in response

"Yeah, Father?" His hands still in his pockets, his body posture was messy

The Priest made a motion of adjusting his tie, raising his eyebrows as if to tell him to clean up his uniform

"Aw, school's over now, Father, it doesn't really matter." Claus whined, giving him a wimpy look of child innocence

The Priest took a sigh

"Fine, I'll let you off but don't let me catch you walking around school like that, understood?" He pointed at him, making himself clear

"Yes, Father. Thank you, Father." He gave a salute, placing his hands out his pocket and leaving the church alongside me.

There was a brief silence as we walked out of the church, along the graveyard and onto the road on our way home until Claus smirk and begin speaking

"I got told off by a nun today." He started, I knew exactly what he was doing, he wanted me to react and tell him off, he thought I was hilarious when I was angry and that's exactly what I did

"Claus!" I yelled, causing him to laugh as I lightly slapped his arm

"You better hope Mom doesn't find out." I raised my voice, I was like his baby sitter, or Mom, either was good really.

>I was constantly taking care of him and handling the trouble he got into, it was exhausting<p>

"Ah, you worry too much, she won't." He snickered, nudging into me as we walked home along the pavement

The sunset glowed by our feet and in the sky, the warmth was nice on my skin as is dried off the water that I was bathed in.

I just hope it dries before I get home.

End
file.